

A Scary Story!

by Jonathan Olvera

I have a couple of stories to tell.

Most of them are frightening.

Some are not.

Men have to be brave and unafraid.

Ghosts and demons. Choose who to have his company.

In this life. In our existence. There will be many. Ghost, Poltergeist, Demons,

Kings and fairy's.

Spirits that roam. Leaders of our people.

They are chosen to resist and Lead our spiritual nature away from this torture.

To be afraid of the darkness. Is surrender.

Young man learn. What nature includes.

It includes men. It includes demons. It includes darkness.

There's nothing more frightening.

like our reality.

spiritual nature, curses, and Hexes.

I will warn you!

To prepare yourself.

the physical property of eternity. is proving to exist.

In our time.

What is more frightening to know.

The next day or man?

This is my life and yours now.

I Can Begin now.

many days, they come to exist, the hot, desolate exile

the Southwest desert.

a location formed billions of years in our time

have captured, people, animals, insects,

stars and Suns!

Our reality.

A long battle.

Titans rise.

Sands of Time flowing Rising you falling.

The wrath of God and the devil.

Set fire to everything in existence.

In the Battle of creation.

The birth of death.

To capture the relics.

Our Darkness.

Give question to men.

give questions to me

Terrifying, Storms, I tell you!

My terrifying reality.

Can You Escape it?

Women Men and children gathered.

We have to work for the king.

We have to provide for ourselves.

Is it correct for me to exist here?

Is it a trick of the devil?

I see ghosts everyday!

I tell you this.

Beast and Men

Demons.

Kings and shadows.

The Giant Lizards of Earth.

Should I be afraid?

I cannot.

I must worship my God.

To exist is my reality.

It would be easier for me.

to tell you I was scared.

It would be easier for me.

to tell you I'm running turn on the lights.

the Legion of Shadows.

It needs a leader.

It needs a leader who can fight.

It needs a leader who can see in the dark.

can you see the dark

I asked you to have no fear.

I asked you to withstand this possession.

how terrifying!

To say be gone demon.

I can tell you.

when no one is here.

The devil knocks on my door.

he asks for a blessing.

The Devil asks to be seen by God.

The ghost of men visit me.

They ask for baptism.

In our battle.

I say Amen.

let you be seen by God and heard by his council.

What is terrifying I asked you?

To be of assistance!

To spirits you and I know?

and they speak to me soft.

The terrible nature of sacrifice.

Praise!

I can tell you.

I was very frightened! A Spirit did visit me in the night!

Damnation, suffering, sadness.

In my temple.

No.

I've been frightened before.

I'm not.

I give blessing to them.

I give blessing to the reader.

This is terrifying to live in our home earth.

Stay in school and go to church.

Exercise and be brave.

Listen to your mother and your father so no harm may come to you!

END

A Scary Story

By Jonathan Olvera

I have stories to tell you. Stories that will haunt your dreams and chill your bones.

Some are mere whispers of fear, and others... others will leave you breathless.

We, as men, must be brave, must walk through this world with our eyes wide open, unafraid. But let me tell you—ghosts, demons, they choose who will be their company.

In this life, and in the dark corners of our existence, we will encounter many things—things that claw at the edges of your soul. Ghosts. Poltergeists. Demons. Kings. Fairies. Spirits who roam the earth, leaders of our people, their existence tethered to the darkness.

They are chosen to guide us, to pull us from the torturous grasp of fear, to test our resolve.

To be afraid of the dark is to surrender.

And those who surrender... are lost.

Young man, listen closely: Nature is far more than what you see with your eyes. Nature includes us all, men and demons, shadows and light. And there is nothing more terrifying than the truth of our reality.

There are curses, hexes, spirits beyond our comprehension. And the world? It is far more than you could ever imagine. A cruel, terrifying cycle of life and death.

I warn you.

Prepare yourself.

For the physical property of eternity? It's real. It exists. And it will find you.

What's more frightening—knowing what comes tomorrow, or knowing the man you are?

This is my life, and it is now yours too.

I can begin now, for I've seen it. I've witnessed the terrible things that walk among us.

Days pass, yet time is still. A searing, barren exile in the Southwest desert. A place formed billions of years ago, but still holding the souls of the lost—the men, the animals, the very stars and suns that have fallen.

Our reality, forged in endless battles.

Titans rise. The sands of time swirl.

The wrath of God and the devil themselves, fighting to consume all existence.

The battle of creation, and the birth of death.

To capture the relics—our darkness, our doom.

They whisper questions to men.

They ask me, “What is this world?”

Terrifying storms follow me, storming through the fabric of my soul.

Can you escape it?

Women, men, and children, gathered in fear.

We must work for the king, we must labor for ourselves, to survive.

But is it right for me to exist here? Is this a trick of the devil?

I see ghosts every day, and I speak their names in silence.

Beasts, men, demons. Kings in the shadows, their presence a constant reminder of what lies beneath.

Giant lizards, creatures of the earth's deepest nightmares. Should I be afraid?

I cannot.

I must worship my God.

To exist is my curse, my reality.

Would it be easier for me to say, "I am scared"? Yes.

Would it be easier to turn on the lights, to run and hide from the shadows that whisper at my door? Yes.

But the Legion of Shadows needs a leader.

It needs a leader who can see in the dark.

Can you see the dark? Can you withstand it?

I ask you: Have no fear.

I ask you to withstand this possession, to confront it.

How terrifying, how terrifying it is to say: "Be gone, demon."

I can tell you, when no one else is here, when the house is still and the silence is thick, the devil knocks.

He knocks, and he asks for a blessing.

He asks to be seen by God, to be heard by the divine.

And the ghosts of men—they visit me too, in the dead of night. They ask for baptism, for salvation.

In the heat of this battle, I say, “Amen.”

Let them be seen by God, let them be heard by His council.

What is terrifying, I ask you?

Is it to help the spirits you and I both know? The ones who speak in whispers, their voices soft as a deathly breeze?

The terrible nature of sacrifice.

Praise, my friends. Praise.

I can tell you this: I was frightened. A spirit visited me one night, in my temple, and it was not a visitor you would wish to meet.

Damnation. Suffering. Sadness. A presence of despair that soaked into my bones.

But no...

I've been frightened before. But not anymore. I give blessings to them now, to the spirits who walk among us.

I give blessings to you, reader.

This world, this home we live in—Earth—is terrifying, but it is where we must stay.

Stay in school. Go to church. Exercise. Be brave. Listen to your parents, so that no harm may come to you.

And above all, do not fear what you cannot see.